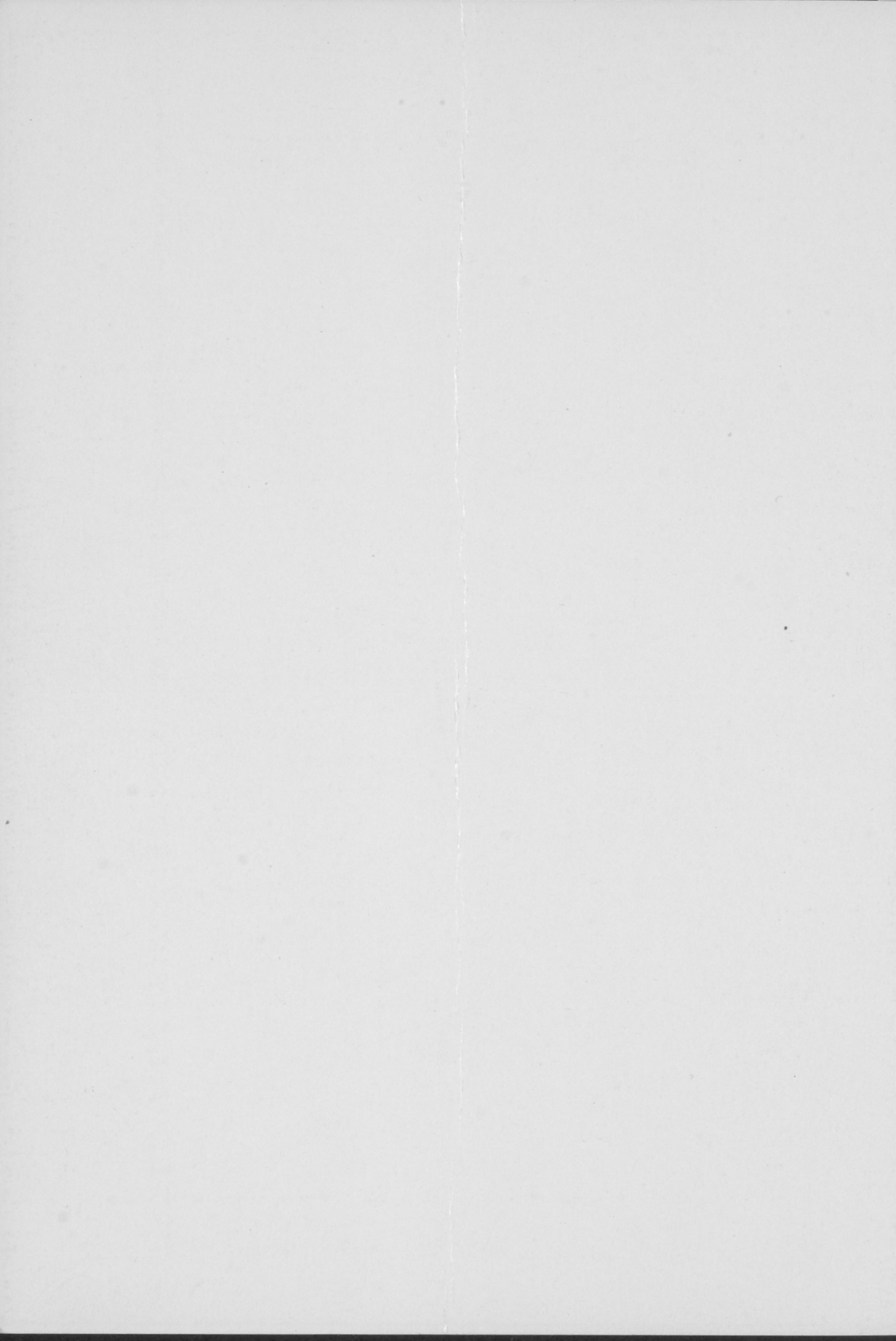


*Seventeenth Annual . . .*

*. . . Rangemen's Dinner*





SEVENTEENTH  
*Annual Dinner*

TO

OLD TIME OPEN RANGE MEN  
OF NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

BY

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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*Hotel Palliser*

CALGARY - - - ALBERTA

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TUESDAY, JULY SIXTH  
NINETEEN-FORTY-EIGHT

## WHERE DID THE WEST BEGIN?

Did the West begin at Winnipeg,  
The Gateway to the West,  
Or did it begin at Regina,  
Where the Mounties made the test.  
Maybe it was Medicine Hat,  
Where cowboys by the score  
Came to town when the beef was shipped,  
To cut loose with a roar.  
Where did the West begin?  
One way you could always tell  
Was when a man looked you  
Straight in the eye,  
And told you to go to hell.  
Men then were measured by the smile they wore  
And the way they shook your hand.  
But the herd is getting smaller,  
There are fewer of their kind.  
Tonight we honour a breed of men  
Who knew and know where the West began.

W. J. WILDE,

Red Deer.

# “Grub Pile”

“Come an’ git it, or we’ll throw it out.”

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B. C. Celery

Injun Olives

Prairie Radishes

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Old English Ox Tail Soup

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Roast Alberta Turkey

Cranberry Sauce

Bow Valley Peas

Mashed Early Rose Murphy’s

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Apple Pie with Cheese

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Java

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Chuck-wagon Rolls

1 9 4 8

## THE RAILROAD CORRAL

Oh we're up in the morning ere breaking of day,  
The chuck-wagon's busy, the flapjacks in play;  
The herd is astir o'er hillside and vale,  
With the night riders rounding them into the trail.

Oh, come take up your cinches, come shake out your reins;  
Come wake up your old broncho and break for the plains;  
Come roust out your steers for the long chaparral,  
For the outfit is off to the C.P. corral.

The sun circles upward; the steers as they plod  
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod;  
And it seems as the dust makes you dizzy and sick  
That we'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek.

But tie up your kerchief and ply up your nag;  
Come dry up your grumbles and try not to lag;  
Come with your steers from the long chaparral,  
For we're far on the road to the C.P. corral.

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean,  
When the chuck-wagon sticks in the marshy ravine;  
The herd scatters farther than vision can look,  
For you can bet all true punchers will help out the cook.

Come shake out your rawhide and snake it up fair;  
Come break your old broncho to take in his share;  
Come from your steers in the long chaparral,  
For 'tis all in the drive to the railroad corral.

But the longest of days must reach evening at last,  
The hills all climbed, the creeks all past;  
The tired herd droops in the yellowing light;  
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight.

So flap up your holster and snap up your belt,  
And strap up your saddle whose lap you have felt;  
Goodbye to the steers from the long chaparral,  
For there's a town that's a trunk by the C.P. corral.





HOLLAND  
COUNTRY